

TERMS IN ADVANCE. One copy, one year, \$2.50. One copy, six months, \$1.50. Ten copies, one year, \$20.00. Single copies, ten cents.

Agents for the Register. The following named gentlemen are authorized to receive and remit for subscriptions to the Register in the localities mentioned.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1877.

The Keokuk Gals City characterizes the civil service rules as "final, impracticable and largely absurd."

In Maine the newspapers of both sides are coming out with hearty approval of the civil service reform orders.

A foreign correspondent thinks if the czar had brought his mother-in-law to the Danube she would have made him cross long before now.

The Burlington Herald terms the president's civil service order "his last freak," and "a greater exhibition of cheap demagoguery than was ever indulged in."

The Dubuque Times, in speaking of the presidential order returning the civil service, says "it will challenge more ridicule for its absurdity than the Pope's bull against the comet."

Mr. Hayes says that the two great desires of his administration are the healing of the sectional controversies, the restoration of national unity, and the destruction of the partnership between the civil service and politics.

Troops that left San Francisco on the morning of the 14th inst. were disembarked at Lewiston on the evening of the 19th inst. An instance of the quick dispatch in the matter of transportation has ever occurred on the Pacific coast.

STATE AFFAIRS.

The Democrats are always most formidable where they have not been. During the last decade their greatest glory has been to talk of suspected corruption in national affairs, but they strive hard to prevent any examinations into the doings of State administrations where the Democracy have controlled the wheel of fortune.

But to go back to the small boy, swinging his feet and evidently anxious to enter into conversation. "I say," he bursts out at last, "do you like to look at photographs? Charlie Thornton does. He and Vic looked at this book"—taking one from the table on which he sat—"for more'n an hour the other day. I like him. He give me two white mice and a guinea-pig; the cat ate the mice, and the guinea-pig's dead. But they wasn't looking at it all the time either. They was talking. Your picture's there, you know. His used to be on the other page, but he coaxed Vic to put it somewhere else."

"Why?" I asked, ceasing to watch for the coming of my divinity, and turning toward the small boy with awakened curiosity. "Cause," said Ned, evidently trying to repeat the very words—"cause he couldn't bear even his picture to have always before it the face of his rival, his successful—yes, that's it—his successful rival."

A SMALL BOY.

"Oh! I say, she's out," said small Ned, as he opened the door. "She's gone to the dressmaker's, but she'll be back soon, 'cause she's got to friz her hair for dinner. Come in and wait."

I accepted the invitation, and installed myself in the easiest chair in the parlor, after rolling it to the bay-window, so as to command a view of the street, while Ned "histed" himself, as he called it, on a marble-topped table beside me, and sat there, with the crisy checkiness of early boy-hood, whistling and swinging his feet.

Ned was a chap of ten years, with a remarkable memory—as I was fated to discover—the youngest brother of Miss Victoria Conrad; and Miss Victoria Conrad was a handsome, dashing, clever girl whom I had met at a picnic the preceding summer, and with whom I had immediately fallen desperately in love.

I use the word "desperately" advisedly, for it was my first really serious entanglement, and my charmer, being a thorough mistress of the arts by which young and susceptible male hearts are subjugated, had enthralled me most completely.

True, before I cast myself at her feet, I had felt a great tenderness for a sweet little third or fourth cousin of mine, a slight pale young girl, with hair of the faintest gold and eyes of the softest blue, and an innocent, trusting, child-like look in her pretty face.

But beside Miss Conrad, with her magnificent form, glorious auburn tresses, and wonderful big black eyes, May Newton faded into insignificance. It was as though one placed a delicate, cream-colored lily in the same vase with a gorgeous, flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown-throated gladiolus.

And so I found, on becoming acquainted with Miss Conrad, that my feeling for May, which had existed since our earliest childhood, was only a tenderness, while my feeling for Victoria, although but three months old, already amounted to a passion.

But, in spite of my infatuation for the latter, I was not blind to the fact that she was a finished coquette, and I didn't half like the way, after the very decided encouragement she had given me, she flirted with my intimate friend, Charlie Thornton. Sometimes indeed, it flashed upon me that there had been a love affair between them which had not entirely ended even now, and it was after one of these flashes I had sought her real feelings toward me, and revolved that when I left her it should be either as an accepted or rejected suitor.

To speak frankly, I had every reason to believe, in spite of the flashes, it would be as an accepted one. For as much as Thornton was distinguished by Miss Conrad above her other admirers, just so much had I been of late distinguished above Thornton. And we two were equal in age, looks, family, education, and (our lady-love thought) fortune. I say our lady-love thought, for the truth was, compared to me, Charlie was poor. How rich I was I had taken care should not be known; for though only three-and-twenty, I had already grown tired of a single life, with its attendant boarding-houses, and was looking for a wife, with a view to a comfortable home of my own. And like Lord Burleigh and other romantic, poetical fellows, I wanted to be loved for myself alone.

Only Charlie Thornton knew of my recently inherited wealth, and him I had bound by all that is sacred in friendship not to disclose it. "So in singling me out for favor," I argued, "Victoria leads me to suppose she loves me. And if she consents to become my wife that supposition will turn into a happy certainty, for she certainly, with her beauty and talents, might make a much finer match than the one I offer her. And what delight it will be when the words are spoken that will seal my happiness and make her all my own, to see her resplendent eyes grow larger and brighter as she learns that in accepting a few thousand she has become the mistress of half a million!"

But to go back to the small boy, swinging his feet and evidently anxious to enter into conversation. "I say," he bursts out at last, "do you like to look at photographs? Charlie Thornton does. He and Vic looked at this book"—taking one from the table on which he sat—"for more'n an hour the other day. I like him. He give me two white mice and a guinea-pig; the cat ate the mice, and the guinea-pig's dead. But they wasn't looking at it all the time either. They was talking. Your picture's there, you know. His used to be on the other page, but he coaxed Vic to put it somewhere else."

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My heart gave a bound. She did love me, then. Poor Charlie? "And what reply did your sister make to that?" I asked.

"Oh! she said 'nonsense,' but she took the picture out—Charlie's, you know—and he kissed her hand, and she carried it up to her room, and it's there now, hanging between the 'Huguenot Lovers' and 'His only Friend.' He's a poor barefooted boy—lyin' fast asleep in the road, and his only friend's a dog—of one of them big fellows, you know."

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, rather impatiently; "I know all about it." Ned, evidently somewhat offended, is silent for about three minutes, and then he began again. "Oh my, didn't they talk that day! Vic sent word to every body else that came that she was out. Wasn't that a whoopee? I was snuggled up on the sofa over in that dark corner there, and they didn't see me, and I heard every word they said."

WOULDN'T VIC HAVE BOXED MY EARS IF SHE HAD CAUGHT ME?

"I wonder what they talked of," I said to myself, with a jealous qualm—to tell the truth, I'd been a little staggered by the picture episode; and then, though it wasn't exactly the right thing to do, although certainly excusable in a case like this, where a man's whole happiness was at stake, I made up my mind it possible to find out.

"Ned," said I, "I saw a splendid knife the other day—six blades."

"Six blades?" repeated Ned, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes, or five blades and a file, I don't remember which! It was a beauty, though, and it wasn't afraid you'd cut yourself with it, I'd buy it and give it to you."

"Cut yourself?" said the small boy, with infinite scorn; "I ain't a baby."

"Well," said I, "the knife shall be yours. And then I continued, in a confidential manner, "What was it you said your sister and Mr. Thornton were talking about?"

"I didn't say nothing," said Ned. "When'll you bring the knife?" "You shall have it tomorrow," I replied. "Did they say anything about me, for instance?"

"Oh, lots," said Ned, starting off rapidly. "Charlie said, 'Oh, Vic, you'd never have given me up if I hadn't told you how rich he was. What a fool I've been! I might have known that that would have been too much of a let-me-see. Had he not into temptation—temptation for such a girl as you are. Good heavens! and he grabbed hold of his hair just as though he was going to pull it out,' and the small boy suited the action to the word, and tugged at his own curly locks with such an assumption of desperation as brought tears into his eyes.

"Good heavens!" he says, how self and cruel you are? I'm sure I don't know how I can love you. Are you going to marry him? And Vic says, 'I am.'"

"Oh! you are," thinks the attentive listener. "It would be awfully silly," she says; "the small boy rattles on, 'for us to get married. I might think I was happy, for a little while, 'cause I believe I love you as well as I could love anybody, and then I'd be jolly miserable, for I must have a seal-skin jacket and a new switch, and hair like mine costs like—'"

"No, she wouldn't," says Charlie; "and as for liking me, you never were more mistaken in your life; or if she does like me, it is because I am the friend of the man she loves—Arthur Bell."

"(I'm Arthur Bell) 'yes she loves him as dearly as I do you, and has loved him for years. It was for his sake she refused handsome Phil Akers, to say nothing of that rich old bachelor Quimby that all the other girls are pulling caps for. Poor little wretch! I know how to pity her.' You'll both recover," says Vic, "and ten chances to one, fall in love with each other. There's nothing like catching a ball on the bounce."

"A heart on the rebound," I think you mean, Ned," I say, with astonishing calmness.

"Well, perhaps I do," assents the small boy, whistling a couple of bars of "Yankee Doodle" thoughtfully. "Any how," ending with a false note that makes me shudder, "Vic stuck to it she'd marry you, 'cause you was slapping-set-em-up-again rich; and Charlie smashed his hat on his head and walked out of the room like this," and reared my head, because I am the friend of the man she loves—Arthur Bell.

You may think that the sentence of the court is harsh and unjustly severe, but the court assures you that, compared with your crimes and the desolation you have already brought upon the community, it is mild in the extreme.

HOUSTEAD LAW.

Under the homestead law every head of a family, male or female, or single man over twenty-one years is a citizen of the United States, or having declared his intention to become such, can enter, on payment of the registry fees, ranging from seven to twenty-two dollars, eighty acres of any of the lands reserved by the government within the limits of the railroad grants, excepting lands bearing gold, silver, copper, or iron, and one hundred and sixty acres if the claim is situated outside of the latter.

providing, however, that the claimant has never at any time "entered" any of the lands in any other State or Territory of the Union. After five years bona fide residence upon and improvement of the land, the government will give the claimant a regular title. Under the preemption laws, persons possessing the same qualifications as claimants under the homestead laws not being in possession of 320 acres in any of the States, may "enter" at a land office, on payment of a fee of two dollars and establish a pre-emption right; that is, a right to take a tract of 160 acres, either with or without a railroad grant, wherever the land shall be offered for sale by the government, at two dollars and fifty cents per acre in the former and one dollar and twenty-five cents in the latter case. Land offices are located at Oregon City, in Clackamas county, Roseburg, in Douglas county, Lakeview, in Lake county, Dalles, in Wasco county, and La Grande, in Union county; also at Walla Walla and Colfax in W. T.

The financial middle in Ohio must be pretty bad since the attitude of the Hon. George H. Pendleton is in doubt. His friends hint mysteriously that he is not such a bad infidel after all, and his old party allies are calling upon him to come out and define his position, since they want "no Esau in the topos of Jacob."

The greenbackers of Iowa have candidates of their own for Governor and State officers. They resolved that "the silver dollar should be remonetized and made legal tender for payment of all Government bonds and other debts."

A JUDGE'S SENTENCE.

In passing sentence upon some liquor dealers in the State of Iowa recently, Judge Hibbard addressed them concerning their crimes in the following words which can but commend themselves to the good judgment of all:

While there are greater crimes known to the law, which are punishable with great severity, there are none which involve more of those qualities known as despicable meanness and audacity than the selling of intoxicating liquors.

There is something in the taking of human life by violence so instantaneous that it shocks and terrifies the minds of all, and yet we look upon the man who takes that life as a murderer, but by a slow lingering process, not without condemnation, at least without horror. You who stand before the court for sentence are in every moral sense murderers, and you are in the spirit, if not in the letter, guilty of manslaughter; for the law says that whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness stand, and who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only abundantly testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are judging men to commit still greater crimes than your own.

You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally leprous and serfious you are inwardly, the ruin, poverty and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declare as from the house tops. You are living in idleness and eating the bread of orphans, watered with widow's tears. You are stealthily killing your victims and murdering the peace and industry of the community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into misery, thriftless poverty and rage. You are sowing the seeds of ignorance, and idleness, and want among the generations to come.

Anxious wives and mothers watch and pray in tears nightly with desolate hearts for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring with the wiles and smiles of the devil into midnight debauchery.

In this, one can have no adequate conception of the amount of misery and Niagara, nor the terrible fury and grandeur of a storm in mid-ocean, until he has witnessed one; so no one can know the utter degradation and total depravity to which his species can be brought until he looks upon the desolate ruin caused by your hellish traffic.

You are persistent, defiant law-breakers, and shamelessly boast that in defiance of law and moral sense of the community you will continue in your wicked and criminal practices.

It has now become the imperative duty of this court, to let fall upon you so heavily the arm of the law, that you shall either be driven from your neighborhoods or ruined in your fortunes or wicked prosperity. You have become a scorch to the nostrils of the community, and all good men are praying that you may be speedily reformed or summarily destroyed. By the providence of God and the favor of this court, these prayers shall be speedily answered by the court and exact justice for your crimes.

This court will exact a prompt satisfaction in taking from you by law your ill-gotten gains, and giving it to the common school fund of this county, where, in our hope, it will assist in educating the rising youth to slay your vices and wicked practices.

And, finally, let me entreat you, if you are not lost to every sentiment of humanity, to desist from your criminal, vagabond traffic and betake yourselves to some honest calling for a livelihood, and you may yet become a virtuous citizen, and entitled to the respect of a Christian and community; while if you persist in this way, you will receive as your lot, the execration of mankind.

You may think that the sentence of the court is harsh and unjustly severe, but the court assures you that, compared with your crimes and the desolation you have already brought upon the community, it is mild in the extreme.

Neither did he ever compose again. It was hard work for him to write and he saw he was not out for an editor.

We had with pleasure the advent of the ladies slipper. It has long been in retirement. It adds a new attraction to the street. The French bottine may now take a rest. Nearly a generation has passed whose only street view of the feminine ankle has been through leather. At last the stocking of our grandmothers is revealed. The clean white hose is a power in the land. Its influence is sudden, mysterious, subtle, and magnetic. It concentrates all eyes as to a focus on itself. It amuses and interests the loungers. It affords to the hurried man of business a momentary respite. It redoubles the liabilities of the careless to be run over. It is not without a charm for the aged breast. No portion of a ladies apparel is more effective. The snowy ankle, if at all symmetrical, half compensates for a plain face. It is a beauty-weight in the dower of feminine grace, of which woman for long years has been robbed. For the boot is expensive. A little worn, and it becomes misshapen and ugly. We welcome the slipper. Long may it reign. The simpler the style the better.

A Gamin's Generosity. There was craps hanging to a door on Beaubien street yesterday afternoon, and a boy six or seven years old stood at the gate with pale face and red eyes. A ragged, tobacco-chewing imp, about twelve years old, came slamming along, and he was making ready to stick his finger into the small boy's eye, through the bars of the gate, when he caught sight of the craps.

"Sumbody dead?" he asked.

"Yes, my pa," gasped the little one. "Honky but that's tuff!" exclaimed the imp, and he began searching his pockets, after discovering that his personal property amounted to three nails, and an old cigar stub and a clay pipe, he said:

"See here, bub, I'd like to give you candy, or a knife, or sumthin' to kinder make you feel good, but I can't do it. I'm dead-broke and feelin' half sick, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I could chaw you up in one minute, but you can come out here and I'll holler like a loon, and all the boys around here will think you are the wickedest fighter east of the avenue."

The small boy might have appreciated the motive, but he didn't accept the offer.

Refugees say the Russian troops attacked wagon trains fleeing to Shamla and murdered people indiscriminately.

HIS NEWSPAPER CONTRIBUTION.

He was a friend of mine and used frequently to open and give me advice as to how I ought to run my paper.

He was a minister, and consequently thought I should devote it a little more to the cause of religion, and not quite so much to politics.

He said it could be made a power for good in the western land, in which we had both cast our fortunes.

He was a lover of the original, too, and said he disliked to see reprint, and thought I should write more—take the time, in fact, to fill the paper right up with good, new stuff. That seemed such an easy thing for him that one day I ventured to say:

"Brother you had a glorious meeting last night at the school house, I hear—suppose you write it up for me?"

He didn't seem as though he wanted to.

I nudged. He blushed a little and stood around, awkward like. He had never been honored with an invitation to write for the press before.

I still urged. Then he took off his gloves, and his hat, and his overcoat. Then I gave him a seat at the table with paper and pencil.

He sat down to editorial work. He had always been talking about how it should be done, and now he was at it.

He started in. I went about my work, and having written a column or two of matter for the week's paper, left him still writing, while I went out to solicit some advertisements.

I was gone an hour or two, and when I came back he was still at it. He was sweating awfully.

The table and floor were white with copy-paper, and the pencil in his hand was much demolished in length. I went to dinner.

When I returned he was at it yet. There was more paper scattered around, the pencil was shorter and he was wetter. It was summer.

The hours dragged along into the middle of the afternoon. Great cords stood out on the preacher's heated brow.

His eyes were bent on the dazzling white paper before him, and his fingers moved nervously, and the pencil was a stub.

I began to grow frightened. I knew I had only a small weekly paper, and that its fourteen columns of space (one side was a patent inward) would not hold the contents of the Bible, and a supplement message from Heaven besides.

At last the man looked up, and, timidly advancing with a piece of paper in his hand, suddenly turned and went back to change a word.

Then he came on again, and, like one who had passed through a vision, held out the paper and feebly asked: "Will that do?"

I looked. There were just seven lines of it, advertising measure.

He was a large man—weighed over 300 pounds then, but when I met him three weeks later he weighed less than 125.

He had been sick. The seven-line-nine-hour effort was too much for him.

But it was not lost. He never advised an editor again.

Neither did he ever compose again. It was hard work for him to write and he saw he was not out for an editor.

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Mr. C—, a respectable clergyman in the interior of the State, relates the following anecdote. A couple came to him to get married. After the knot was tied the bridegroom addressed him with: "How much do you ax, mister?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally take whatever is offered me. Sometimes more, sometimes less. I leave it to the bridegroom."

"Yes—but how much do you ax, I say?" repeated the bridegroom.

"I have just said," replied the clergyman, "that I left it to the decision of the bridegroom. Some give me ten dollars, some five, some three, some two, some one, and some only a quarter of a one."

"A quarter, ha!" said the bridegroom; "well, that's as reasonable as a body could ax. Let me see if I've got the money." He took out his pocket-book, there was no money there; he fumbled in all his pockets, but not a sixpence could he find. "Dang it," said he, "I thought I had some money with me; but I recollect now, 'twas in my tother trowser's pocket. Hotty, have you got such a thing as a couple of shillings about ye?"

"Me!" said the bride, with a mixture of shame and indignation—"I'm astonished at ye, to come here to be married without a cent of money to pay for it!"

If I'd known it afore, I wouldn't come alone to be married for all me."

"Yes, but consider, Hotty," said the bridegroom in a soothing tone, "we're married now, and it can't be helped, you have got such a thing as a couple of shillings?"

"Here, take 'em," interrupted the angry bride, who during this speech had been searching in her work-bag; "and don't you," said she, with a significant motion of her finger—"don't you serve me another such a trick!"

A local itemizer who never offends. A school teacher who can treat every pupil alike and satisfy all.

A woman with a pretty foot who never lifts her skirts ankle high.

A seventeen-year old lad who knows half as much as he will ten years later.

An editor who can conduct a live newspaper and keep off of other people's toes.

A professional politician who thinks an editor's services deserving of anything but curses.

A clergyman who can preach so as to keep on the right side of the Lord and all his congregation at the same time.

A town free from people who never can find anything so nice, so cheap and so stylish as can be had in other places.

An individual calling himself anonymous, who never ceases an editor for carrying a dirty load that he dare not shoulder.

A gossip who never supplements his or her poisoned talk with the words, "you mustn't tell anybody for the world what I told you."

A business man who cannot afford to advertise, but can afford to see people pass his door to patronize his enterprising neighbor who sows his seed in the newspaper, which is returned to him an hundred fold.

When the great Creator presents the world with these works of his hand, the creating of white blackbirds will not be impossible.

Mrs. Allen, of Omaha, after twenty-five years of childless married life, gave birth to a boy, and in announcing the happy event to her relatives in Maine, she wrote: "Long have I wandered in lonely, cheerless gloom, but thank Heaven, I now bask in the sunshine!"

Two Pennsylvania tramps stopped at the house of a lone widow, and one went in to beg. Very soon he came out with a bloody nose and a first class black eye. "Well, did you get anything, Jack?" "Yes," growled the sufferer, "I've got the widow's might."

"No," she said, and the wrinkles in her face smoothed out pleasantly; "no, I do not remember the last 97-year locusts. I was an infant then."

Sensible Advice.

You are asked every day through the columns of your newspapers and by your Druggist to use something for your Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint that you know nothing about, you get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give you satisfactory proof that Green's August Flower will cure you of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint with all its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Constiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Fullness at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, Coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., we ask you to go to your Druggist and get a sample bottle of Green's August Flower for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents, two doses will relieve you.

PREPARED BY J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. Beware of cheap imitations. Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. No. 250 Broadway, New York.

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